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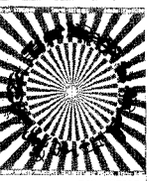

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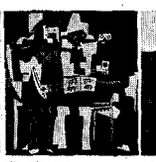

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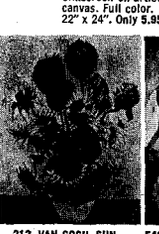

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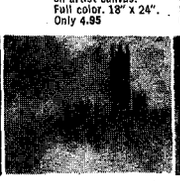

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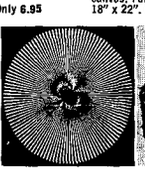

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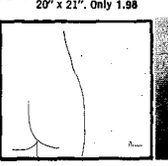

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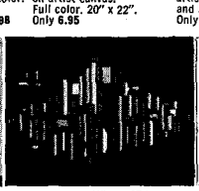

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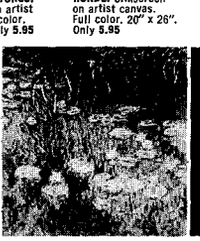

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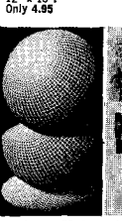

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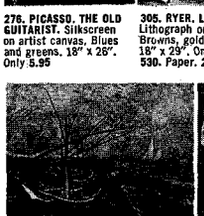

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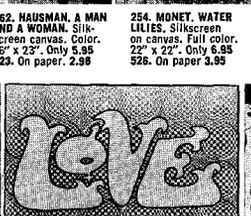


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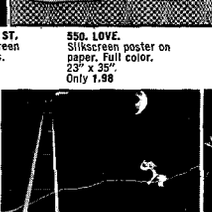

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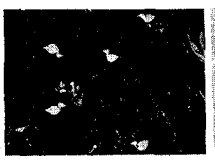

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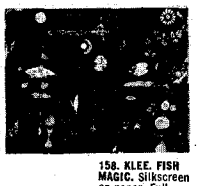

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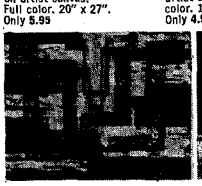

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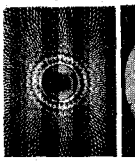

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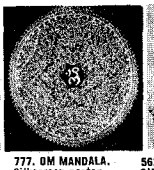

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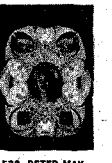

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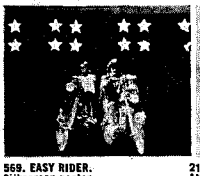

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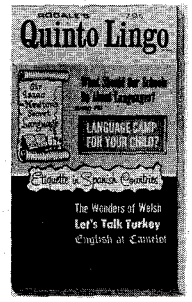


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# TRB®

from Washington

## Sick

Driving to work I switch on the radio. From Edgartown comes news of Mary Jo Kopechine's inquest. From Pennsylvania, the Yablonski slaying. From Vietnam, the Mylai incident. The Chicago conspiracy trial has new, raucous scenes. The grand jury in Detroit investigates famous sports figures worshipped by youths. New York has the story of FBI tapes and Mafia politicians. One after another. Local Washington item: junior high school boy is shot dead; year ago it was a teacher. There are 90 million firearms loose in America. Now the weather; I snap off the switch . . . and I reflect that in Vietnam the US is working to spread civilization and culture.

There are puzzles in this. Why is it, for example, that in the past decade the Russians, despite restriction and censorship, have produced half a dozen magnificent novels, while in the US we have not produced one. Our literary flowering is Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint.* Should artists be made to suffer in attics and face Siberia? Is affluence bad for novelists and nations? I really don't know the answer to this.

One place, anyway, there is hope of improvement. Anger is rising over America's sick health industry and we guess that before long, relief in the form of medication, or maybe an operation, will come. President Nixon plans a special message to the returned Congress on health care and he may make a statement to the nation. Sen. Yarborough, chairman of the health subcommittee, will hold hearings this Spring on plans for comprehensive national health insurance being readied by Senators Kennedy, Javits and others. US health care is a $65 billion a year business (the fastest growing industry in the country) and it is staggering towards a breakdown. I think universal national compulsory health insurance (UNCHI) is an idea whose time has come. Before you shake your head, look at the evidence.

Every other big country has it. The situation in American health care is a lot more chaotic than in welfare, which produced Mr. Nixon's surprise Family Assistance Plan. The emergency in welfare touches mainly the poor, but the health care mess touches a far more potent political sector, the middle class. They are really scared, and word is getting around that with any kind of rationalization skyrocketing costs could be curbed.

It's not that there aren't enough hospitals or even, maybe, doctors, but that they are used so badly. Two-thirds of the MDs are bunched to serve the upper half of the population. Millions of poor are sick, and they are sick because they are poor. *Fortune* magazine (the *Reader's Digest* of the tycoon set) devotes most of its current issue to "Our Ailing Medical System." Statistic: US hospital care cost $48.15 a day in 1966; $67.60 a day now and will reach $74 a day this year. We think this can't go on, that it's unnecessary. Nations that have national health systems spend a smaller proportion of their GNP on health care than the US, and get better insurance.

"Most Americans could still be financially destroyed by a prolonged and serious illness in the family," warns *Fortune,* "a virtual impossibility in countries such as West Germany, Sweden and Britain." This conservative magazine says "the biggest obstacle in the path of a more rational medical system . . . is organized medicine." The American Medical Association, it notes, mounted "the costliest effort in history against medicare," though after physicians got it, they liked it. The AMA, of course, is a high-toned trade union with apprenticeship rules that would turn a Philadelphia plumber green with envy.

Consider the change in attitude of the Nixon Administration on health care. It sometimes seems worth while electing a man President for the education he gets. Mr. Nixon flatly rejected national compulsory health care in the 1968 campagin. (He was going to end crime too, you remember, by reforming the Supreme Court, and he was also going to end inflation.) Well, by last July, Mr. Nixon was saying that health-care problems are "much greater than I had realized." There would be a "massive crisis," he said, in two or three years without prompt action. The fact is, it hit him between the eyes, as it would any rational man who examined the mess. Dr. Roger Egeberg, top Administration health official, said of UNCHI, "I don't think we are ready for anything of that kind in this country," but he and Secretary Finch, in July, were predicting a "breakdown" in the delivery of health care "unless immediate concerted action is taken."

Consider, too, that the National Governors' Conference (predominantly Republican), under goading by Gov. Rockefeller, has come out for UNCHI. (The Democrats are going to try to grab the issue, too; there's political gold in them thar doctor's bills, whichever party stakes out a claim first.)

We could be wrong. But we think somebody who can read political tea leaves, and has an instinct for national trends can feel a wave of public opinion forming. It's the seventh wave, we think, and it's going to crest soon.

## Success Story

We shouldn't let the sixties pass without noting the great success story of the decade, the Great Boom. Yes, sir, the longest in history, and man made. It was planned that way. The dear little creature first saw the light in February, 1961. Not much was thought of it at first. Nobody realized it was an economic Methuselah. Gen. Eisenhower, who fervently believed creeping inflation inevitably became galloping inflation, and that budgets should be rigidly balanced, had converted these sound principles into three recessions in eight years.

As Ike left the White House the economic midwives announced that a new expansion was born. The longevity of these little pre-1961 hopefuls was short, alas, normally averaging two and a half years. As a matter of fact, the Kennedy boom showed signs of flickering in 1963. Then, for the first time, a new technique was tried. In spite of a budget deficit taxes were cut (Feb. 1964). It saved the child's life.

But tragedy struck. Came Vietnam and the refusal of LBJ to boost taxes, and finally a tax cut (mid-1968) that came too late. Our promising lad had taken to wild inflationary ways. The expansion is being Nixoned. But anyway, it lasted the sixties; the longest in history.

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# Scholars and Society

The intrusion of politics into a novel, Stendhal wrote, is like a pistol shot in a drawing room. Politics is intruding today with similar effect into many academic gatherings. The recent 84th annual convention of the American Historical Association, for example, was the largest and most bitterly contentious meeting that sedate organization has ever held. Usually AHA meetings combine decorous ceremonials with frantic job hustling in what young PhD's call the meat market. On this occasion too there were ceremonials and the job market – glutted with many more PhD's than jobs – but there were also signs of the terrible urgency of politics. The AHA came within 36 votes of placing itself on record for the first time on a political issue, defeating 647-611, a resolution condemning the war in Vietnam. The convention witnessed an equally unprecedented contest for the presidency, an office that normally goes without debate to a distinguished scholar picked by a nominating committee. The committee's choice, Robert R. Palmer of Yale, was opposed by the candidate of a radical historians' caucus, Staughton C. Lynd. Mr. Palmer won with 1,040 votes to Mr. Lynd's 396, but the result did not accurately measure discontent at the convention. Plainly, as Mr. Palmer later said, many historians are unhappy. And they are not alone.

At separate times, two different motions condemning the Vietnam war were proposed. The one that came close to carrying focused on Vietnam. The radical caucus offered a broader resolution, linking the war to American racism and domestic repression, including the suppression of the Black Panthers. For procedural reasons, the fate of the two motions was at times intertwined, and it was often hard to keep them apart. A number of historians on both sides afterwards said they thought a straightforward vote against the war would have carried. Nothing was that simple, however. One reason was that the traditional format of AHA meetings is not suited to hot debate. C. Vann Woodward, the retiring president of the association, presided over the cacophony with the puzzled air of a kindly Southern judge at a hearing for psychiatric commitment. The spectacle is common in the academy these days: substantive disagreements on pressing issues keep getting lost in procedural mazes.

Supporters of the resolutions argued that the war (and in the case of the radical caucus resolution, domestic repression) are a proper

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human and professional concern of historians, that keeping silent in the name of objectivity is unconscionable. Opponents of the resolutions – among them prominent figures on the antiwar left, such as Eugene Genovese – insisted on the neutrality of scholarship, and argued that committing members of the association on a matter of political belief would be "totalitarian." Historians on both sides compared their opponents to Nazis; there were occasional cries of "Kill the Panthers!" The most compelling speakers were a handful who posed the choice in terms of one principle weighed against another, and who judged that opposition to this degrading war must take precedence over scholarly detachment-as-usual.

The independence of scholars is often honored in the breach – many act as though they were hired intellectual gunmen, and harassment of radical teachers and students is growing alarmingly common on our campuses – but it is an essential ideal, not to be set aside lightly, especially in a time when a crackdown on dissent once again threatens. The war, however, is not an ordinary political controversy. It is a moral catastrophe, and any man who can raise his voice in any individual or collective way should cry stop. University teachers have a special obligation, if for no other reason than that the grading system implicates them in the draft. It is a serious matter to commit a professional body to a political stand, but an exceptional vote on a peculiarly overriding concern hardly constitutes "totalitarianism." At Harvard, where the faculty has voted to condemn the war, hawks are still free to speak their minds, and do.

During the three days of the AHA convention, the members of the relatively small radical caucus held counter-sessions, protested the appearance of Walt W. Rostow at a session on "America in the Far East," and demonstrated in front of the Justice Department. The radicals' chief failure – apart from the issue of the war – was their inability to articulate a coherent alternative vision of their profession, for which there is potentially a large constituency, particularly among the younger scholars. Many are dissatisfied with the quality of university teaching. Nearly all feel that graduate training is poor, and resent the lack of encouragement for good teaching, or even research that transcends the narrow bounds set by departments. They dislike the peonage and exploitation of graduate students. Many want to see the AHA's degrading job market improved or abolished, and of course those who aren't finding jobs this year are angry over the new shortages of work for historians and others in the humanities.

Furthermore, as the convention was reminded by André Schiffren of Pantheon Books, a large amount of historical research and writing is today inspired less by the desire to uncover new truths, or to improve standards of teaching or materials, than by a desire to package and sell whatever is currently marketable and that is particularly so in the case of textbooks. It seems fair to say that historians in general have been negligent in meeting social responsibilities, either to the universities – where as a group they tend to oppose reform – or to the society – where they have failed to widen their ranks to include more women and blacks. Many junior scholars see their elders as complacent careerists. The more radical, like Jesse Lemisch of Roosevelt University, view the ideal of scholarly neutrality as a subterfuge. Indeed, Mr. Lemisch argued, many who pretend to objectivity have in recent decades been "activists," producing political pieces of Cold War jingoism, preaching the danger of dissent, and celebrating America's dark and violent past as though it were a sunny pageant. The rebuke is well-deserved, although it was never entirely clear whether Mr. Lemisch was finding his enemies wanting by the standard of neutrality, or whether he was repudiating the standard altogether.

Nevertheless, a fairly wide political spectrum of the younger historians is groping for a redefinition of professional identity; research that will in some way do some good; teaching that is alive; a sense that to be a historian is also to be engaged wth a larger community. They are hungry for what Eugene McCarthy, a spokesman for their troubled class, calls a modern sense of vocation. Nor is this confined to the young. American historians, Richard Hofstadter has written, "are troubled about their own role and function, caught between their desire to count in the world and their desire to understand it." Clearly there are better standards for judging works of history than their usefulness as a source of political slogans. Nonetheless, Hofstadter closed a study of the politically-committed Progressive historians by arguing the case for engagement. From the perspective of an age when historians write largely for their colleagues, a vital public moralist like Charles Beard seems enviable.

A subtle, dissonant coda to all the talk of relevance was provided by C. Vann Woodward's presidential address. Despite the unprecedented boom in the historical industry, he too wished to announce his uneasiness. Activists who find history irrelevant are not alone: in art and science and modern culture as a whole, history is suspected of claiming the privileges of both art and science without submitting to the standards of either. Much history now written is "blind, banal, philistine, and morally obtuse." Its authors have been all too willing to use the past to sanctify present authority, and it is owing in some measure to their work that anachronisms, "which are the peculiar business of historians," have never been more numerous. Mr. Woodward speaks for a distinctive, deeply tragic view of history that sets him apart from activists on all sides, but surely he is right to insist that the function of history (and only history?) is "to cleanse the story of mankind from the deceiving visions" of the past, to free us from the myths and legends weighing on our consciousness.

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# New Politics in '70

Two avenues were opened the first week of the new year through which money, energy and expertise of young and old can be channeled into electoral politics in 1970. Together, they offer opportunity to counterbalance a right-wing drift, and to push for peace in Vietnam and social renewal at home.

The first group to unveil its plans was Referendum '70, a loosely knit coalition that will limit itself to providing campaign know-how to "candidates and groups whose goal is to reverse the current climate of fear and stagnation which grips our people." R-70's committee is sprinkled with New Politics celebrities, from John Kenneth Galbraith, the honorary chairman, to Fred Dutton, Richard Goodwin, the Rev. Andy Young, Charles Evers, Jack Gore and Russell Hemenway. An interesting addition is Ted Van Dyke, former Humphrey staffer who is expected to act as a conduit for "Humphrey liberal" money now available for antiwar candidates. They hope to raise funds in large chunks to support two offices and traveling salesmen experienced in storefront organizing, media and canvassing. A training program will be run for staff members.

On the heels of Referendum '70's inaugural press conference, the four coordinators of Vietnam Moratorium announced their program. The Moratorium's new dimension was explained by David Mixner, one of the coordinators, who said that "protest without politics is incomplete." But, unlike R-70, the Moratorium intends to work primarily on the ground floor of politics, urging its growing network of loyalists, many of them former McCarthy, Kennedy and McGovern volunteers, to get involved in everything from canvassing to fund raising for sympathetic candidates.

Mr. Mixner estimates they'll be busy in at least 40 campaigns. According to Sam Brown, another of the Moratorium coordinators, organizers sent into the field in December found an unexpectedly large number of people who want to get into the action. More and more, the Moratorium is reaching into small towns.

The Moratorium does not intend to limit itself to electoral politics, however. They're planning a Peace Action Day on January 15 (the birthday of the late Martin Luther King), more contacts with GI groups, taxpayers' rallies on April 15 to advertise the amount of tax dollars being drained off by the military, a fast from April 13-15 to "dramatize the moral commitment" of the movement, more military entertainment of the USO type by antiwar artists, additional "We Won't Go" statements from the campuses.

Neither group will try to tap the financial resources of established organizations such as the National Committee for a More Effective Congress, SANE, ADA and the Council for a More Livable World, all of which are expected to lend substantial financial help to progressive, antiwar candidates. Most of these groups have representatives on the R-70 advisory committee.

Both R-70 and the Moratorium will have working relationships with local and state organizations mobilizing for the fall campaign, such as the New Democratic Coalition, SCLC, the Mexican-American Youth Organization and the National Welfare Rights Organization.

# The Military Life

In the military, political activities are condoned, even sanctioned, when they abet military policies, prohibited and punished when they do not. Examples:

► Last February, after antiwar underground newspapers began circulating on military bases, the Army issued amended regulations governing press freedom. Periodicals and other printed matter were not to be suppressed on grounds of taste, nor was criticism of the government per se to be restricted. But publications could be banned in cases where they constituted a "clear danger" to loyalty, discipline and morale. The result: confiscations, courts-martial and official and unofficial harassment.

► Concern over discipline moved General William Westmoreland in September to warn commanders about the impending October 15 moratorium, which he said "could lead to an attempt to influence military personnel to participate in protest demonstrations, racial confrontations and civil disturbances." Westmoreland advised, "Closely monitor the situations to ensure everything possible is done to preclude adverse actions and publicity." The commanding general of the 3d Brigade, 82d Airborne Division passed the advice along to unit commanders, adding that they should "preclude any protest activity."

► Maj. Gen. Winston P. Wilson, chief of the National Guard Bureau (the liaison between the Air Force and the National Guard) urged 500,000 guardsmen in a letter last November to participate in anti-moratorium activities November 11-16 (flag flying, headlight and porch-light burning, etc.). "I find unfortunate," he said, "the fact that just a few days following the day of national tribute to Americans who have fallen in battle many other Americans will demonstrate in many of our cities to demand a course of action that not only would betray those Americans who already have suffered and died in Vietnam, but also would mean abandonment of our allies and a revocation of our pledged word. . . . I think the time has come for all of us to awaken to the difficulties these misguided activities create for our nation's efforts to bring about an honorable peace . . ." Rep. Ed Koch of New York protested

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to Wilson and to Defense Secretary Laird and received from Wilson the preposterous reply that he "regretted that my message was interpreted as a counter demonstration against the antiwar protestors." Laird's office replied that it was "proper and appropriate" for Wilson "to address an inspirational and patriotic message . . . concerning the observance of a military holiday, Veterans Day."

► On January 4 an Army broadcaster in Saigon was removed from his assignment after telling his audience that he was "not free to tell the truth," that news broadcasts were censored. A *Stars and Stripes* reporter told *The New York Times* in Saigon that the Army's "argument is that printing all of the truth about the war would be bad for morale."

# No New Doctrine

After President Nixon visited Asia last summer, an impression was created that at Guam and elsewhere he had laid out a "new doctrine": "no more Vietnams" and sharply curtailed foreign commitments. Last week, Senator Mansfield concluded that we would "become involved again" in Asian wars only "when our security was at stake." Yet Mr. Nixon had stated publicly, in Bangkok, that America would "stand proudly with Thailand against those who might threaten it from abroad or from within." And now Vice President Agnew has made crystal clear what the "new Nixon doctrine" means. It means what Mr. Nixon said in Bangkok.

In that same city, Mr. Agnew assured the Thai foreign minister that "there will be no change in American policy and no lessening of commitments to Thailand and Southeast Asia." And he insultingly added: "Some of the people back home are so anxious to make friends of our enemies that sometimes they seem ready even to make enemies of our friends." In Taiwan, the Vice President said that this country is still pledged to Chiang Kai-shek. What Asian governments fear, he told reporters, isn't insurrection but direct Chinese military attack, so he assured them that "the American presence will continue." In other words, there never was and isn't now a "new" doctrine.

Although the Senate declared last December 15 that no American combat troops should be used in Thailand or Laos without congressional approval, they are being so used in Laos (unless we believe that men who drop bombs are not in "combat"), and a secret American-Thai military plan exists for supplying US troops. More Vietnams are distinctly possible under the commitments Mr. Agnew ringingly reconfirmed, and Senator Mansfield ought to take this matter up again as soon as Congress reassembles.

# A Day on Alcatraz With the Indians

*San Francisco*

I spent Christmas day on Alcatraz with the Native Americans because it seemed to me the most logical place to be. A friend of mine has a small motorboat, and we crossed the bay that windy morning with a cargo of propane gas. Butane and propane gas for cooking are among the great needs of the Indians there. Once the boat was moored on the wind-swept dock of Indian Land, we began the steep climb up the cold north side of the island toward the sun. Jeeps and trucks stood abandoned along the way, for the Indians need mechanics, and gas, and motor oil, and batteries, to get the mechanical hearts of these stubborn vehicles to beating once again. And there was a little pile of abandoned clothing, too, clothing which charitable members of the white middle-class had sent over to the Indians on their bleak rock: blue-satin, spike-heeled slippers lay there, and tinsel dancing shoes, both pairs quite worn from somebody else's dancing, and a not new apron embroidered with holly sprigs and the legend: "Now is the season to be jolly."

The road winds up between overhanging rock and crumbling balustrades; green moss and wild, thick vines on one side, and on the other, barges and boats below straining at their moorings. Beyond them, freighters were passing in the rough waters of the bay. We were not kings bearing gifts, nor had we followed any star. We were simply two white Americans stumbling up the narrow stairways that weave in and out of the old walls, carrying cooking gas to an almost annihilated people, our only virtue that it was not, for a change, either tear-gas or napalm that we were using as currency. In this legal taking over of Alcatraz, in this stunning act of the imagination and the will, not the least of the triumphs is that the needs of the Indians are, as on the reservation, material ones. The essentials of the spirit, isolated from the mainstream of the country's life, have heroically survived.

At the top is the prison itself, and, having passed the ruined buildings that once housed the guards and their families, and the storerooms and offices, you come to this monument that has stood for a long time in monstrous celebration of man's implacable fury against man. No place in these United States could be more appropriate as symbol of the Indian's imprisonment on his own soil. I walked with a young North Dakota Indian through its long hallways, mounted the spiral iron stairs, knowing this was neither federal, nor even American, but a place constructed by men of every nation, every creed, every time, for the purpose of depriving humanity itself of whatever hope there might be left. Even though the

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cell doors hang open now, the memory of desperation speaks hollowly from every stone. The Indians have spread newspapers on the cement floors of these cells, and they sleep there. In the isolation row of the third tier, there are no bars, but blank doors, four inches thick, that served to close each prisoner off from life and light. In one of these cells, an endless row of small even lines moves from the door around the walls, scraped by the fingernail of a man who had perhaps endured in solitude there for 20 years. "Each mark is maybe for each month or year he spent in here," I said, and the young Indian who stood beside me, touching this record with his fingertips, cried out: "Not each month or year! Each century, each century!"

In the hall far below, the Christmas tree in Indian Land was a limb of driftwood, its forked branches ornamented with the tops of tin cans hung on threads. They moved in the cold air, taking the light, the names of tribes painted in color on them, and on some the single word "Genocide." In the office, where uniformed men had once sat, were stacked cartons of toys donated by the dozen by toy manufacturers. There is no heat in the prison, but the thought of the generosity of man for a moment warmed the blood. It was cold waiting in line for Santa to come, and when you held the children who got tired, they put their arms tight around your neck and looked closely, gravely, into your eyes, as if searching an unknown territory, uncertain what they might find. I remembered Bill Brandon saying that the Indian child approaches the outside world prepared for a joyous embrace, and gradually the outside world makes him understand that he is out of kilter with the people he had expected so to love.

That Christmas day, the white Santa did not arrive from the mainland; and what were the toys so lavishly donated but playthings that the outside world was not buying in such great quantities as before. There were machine guns, bazookas, and tanks with revolving turrets. "A couple of real tanks would be more useful," one young Indian father said with uncharacteristic bitterness.

Since the last week of December (provided the generators are functioning) "Radio Free Alcatraz" has been broadcasting at seven-fifteen every evening on the Pacifica network. The broadcasts are not appeals for assistance or for donations, but are interviews with the Indians who have come to this focal point from every state. The twenty-three year old Indian organizer of the program (who served four years in the navy) is John Truedell, and he speaks of the Indian civilization of wisdom which was submerged by the white man's civilization of knowledge. "It does not seem as if knowledge has done the best thing for humanity," he says. "In the time of wisdom, I respected my brother's dream and he respected mine."

The question of the ways and means of making a living on the reservation comes into the interviews. One girl described a government enterprise that had recently opened on her reservation, the manufacturing of army guns. Indian workers are paid $1.60 an hour for this work, but only one member of a family is permitted to apply. Another spoke of the Indian rodeos, where cash prizes are to be won in the competitions; but this is a seasonal source of revenue, as is the leasing out of grazing land. Another had turned down a scholarship at Brigham Young University because no courses in American Indian history or culture are available there. "We can learn more about our past and about our future right here on Alcatraz," they say. John Truedell has not at any time referred to the "Mylai Incident," and it was perhaps not his intention to draw a parallel when he said that the killing of Indian women and children was the customary practice of the territorial white man. "This was the best way to strike at the roots, at the reproduction, of a people they wanted to efface," he said.

If our government grants the Indians this piece of their own territory, it must be the beginning of restitution, not the end. To concede them nothing but another prison would be a tragic irony. More than once on Christmas day, when I spoke to them of the grimness of the conditions on The Rock, Indian women smiled and said: "It's no worse than on the reservation where we lived." And others said: "We are learning how to work together, tribe with tribe. It hasn't happened before like this. This is where our new nation will begin."

**Kay Boyle**

The Nixon Watch

# One Observer's Changed Feeling

*San Clemente*

Mr. Nixon is in the last days of his winter holiday and of his first year in the Presidency, and I have been trying to formulate intelligently, for myself and others, what I know and feel about him that I didn't know and feel at the moment on last January 20 when he took his oath. It is not an easy task, and I find upon inquiry among other reporters who have watched him from the dubious vantage of the west wing lobby at the White House that they share my difficulty. Ask them to set aside the public record of his formal actions in the Presidency and tell you what they know now that they didn't know then about the man in the Presidency, and they typically reply, "why, nothing –

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not a damn thing, now that I think about it."

I know, from observation rather than hearsay, exactly one personal thing about Mr. Nixon that I didn't know after following him around the country in his 1968 campaign. He dyes his hair. Does it in order to conceal the spreading grey at the forward fringes, in his modest sideburns. This I discovered on the hot September night when he paused at Gulfport, on his way back to Washington from his autumn month in California, and was all but mobbed by thousands of white Mississippians who had assembled at the airport, amid the ruins left by hurricane Camille, to demonstrate their gratitude for what they understood to be his sympathetic view of their racial problems and attitudes. When he broke out of the adoring mob and climbed the steps of Air Force I, his dark hair was wet with sweat. The dye had washed away, revealing the grey in his sideburns. I had never seen it before and I have not seen it since. Nor have I heard it mentioned by the assistants who habitually plead, when pressed for detail about the President as a person, that "Mr. Nixon is a very private man."

Two events during his current stay here suggest that this very private President is trying, at the start of his second year, to correct the impression that he is so closely guarded, by himself and by his staff, because he is afraid to show himself in ways and situations that may expose to general view the man within the shell. On New Year's morning, at the signing in his San Clemente office of a bill requiring him to substitute a statutory environmental council for the one he had created on his own authority, he appeared to the reporters whom he joshed and allowed to josh him, just a little, to be wholly at ease, really enjoying the occasion and the exposure that went with it. On the first Saturday afternoon of 1970, he let TV cameras record and scores of newsmen observe his dubbed drive and his mediocre second drive from the take-off tee at a Los Angeles country club. One of his assistants, watching the President hunched over the ball, the image of a duffer soon to be seen on the tube by millions of other duffers, wailed that the staff would never have let it happen if they had realized how cruelly and thoroughly exposed he would be at that instant. Mr. Nixon seemed to one of the watchers, Robert Semple of *The New York Times*, to be in a state of "controlled agony," doing for effect the sort of thing that does not come naturally for him.

*"Believe me folks—there's a tightrope down there . . ."*

The differences that a year of observation has made in my feeling about Nixon the President are easier to summarize than the little that I have learned about the man. In 40 years of reporting, no public figure has repelled me as Nixon the candidate repelled me in 1968. With his simplistic distortions, his shoddy appeal to the Wallace vote in the South and nationally, the packaged crowds and the synthetic situations that the candidate's advance men contrived for him, Mr. Nixon seemed to me to go far beyond the bounds of deception allowed to politicians in our system. Tactics apart, the viewed Nixon – the sullen mouth twitching on order into that spurious smile, the quality of cold and unceasing calculation to be seen in his little eyes – aroused in me a sense of ingrained and ineradicable cheapness. It was incredible to me, all the polls and other indicators notwithstanding, that this man could be the President of the United States.

It still is, in a degree. I understood the reporter who stood beside me in the White House rose garden last spring, watching Mr. Nixon with a visitor on the portico outside his oval office, and murmured to himself, "I still can't believe it, I just can't believe it." But that feeling of incredulity passes with time, and now, for me, it is all but gone. There Mr. Nixon is, in the Presidency, changing with it and growing in it in ways dimly and uncertainly perceived, but somehow attractive in a sense that nothing about him attracted me in 1968.

In part, of course, it is a matter of fascination with the office and with the effect that its power and majesty must have upon the least majestic of the men who attain it. I have a feeling that the Presidency has been good for Richard Nixon, in a distinctly therapeutic way. Probably without realizing all that they were implying, some of his closest associates in the campaign made his need for the kind of therapy that

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I have in mind very clear with their stories of the elaborate care taken to preserve his energies, to protect him from unexpected confrontations and crises, and – above all – to save him when they could from a renewal of the deep hurts that the press and two public rejections, for the Presidency in 1960 and for the governorship of California in 1962, had caused him. The Nixon who clawed his way to the peak in 1968 was, if such stories were true, a profoundly injured and fearful man, inwardly uncertain of his capacity to withstand another climactic defeat and uncertain, too, of his capacity to deal with sudden troubles for which he had not prepared himself or been prepared by others. He still needs the protective preparation. With the continuing expansion and reorganization of his staff structure, he has gone to extraordinary lengths to make sure that he gets it. But, given it and the confidence that must have come to him with his attainment of the office so long sought and so long denied him, Nixon the President seems to me to have become a stronger man, a more decent and credible man, than Nixon the congressman, the senator, the Vice President and the candidate allowed himself to be. It is as if the Presidency enabled and encouraged him to afford a showing of strength, a level of decency that his character did not require and his circumstances did not permit in the prior time.

I am not as sure that Nixon in the Presidency will be good for the country in the succeeding years as I am that his first year in the office was good for him. Yet it is reasonable to hold that what is good for a President, in the meaning of the term that I have tried to convey here, is likely to be of some good to the country and may be of great good.

A President who suffered from and failed to rise above the weaknesses that candidate Nixon seemed to me to suffer from would have been a disaster for the country, and this President has not been that. After the Johnson years, we know how much the country needs a credible President, and to the extent that Mr. Nixon has given us one he has served us well. With his declared and, I believe, genuine intent to disengage from the Vietnam war, and with proposals that constitute an enormous advance toward a humane and sensible national welfare system, he has recognized and moved to meet at least some of the country's larger needs. I value and quite possibly over-value these aspects of the first Nixon year because they indicate to me a capacity, limited though the demonstration has been and flawed though it has been by the less attractive aspects that Vice President Agnew and Attorney General Mitchell express and personify, to be a better President than I thought the candidate of 1968 capable of being. If so lame and grudging an apology for Richard Nixon makes me a candidate for membership in his silent majority, so be it. I suspect that his majority includes a great many Americans who expected little that was good from him and are therefore pleased with the little more that he has given us in his first year.

**John Osborne**

## What the Vice President and the Press Kept Dark

# Spiro Agnew's Candles

## by Morton Mintz

There isn't much reason to doubt that Vice President Agnew has tried to intimidate the news media; and among newsmen there isn't much doubt that in many places, and in ways not always perceptible, he succeeded. What hasn't been sufficiently noticed, however, is that the media virtually ignored or blacked out significant and revealing aspects of the story.

Consider Agnew's speech in Montgomery. The Vice President anguished about "the trend toward monopolization of the great public information vehicles and the concentration of more and more power over public opinion in fewer and fewer hands." No one made much of the fact that Agnew had not a word to say about the very obvious examples of news media concentration surrounding him when he spoke. In Alabama the giant Newhouse Newspapers chain owns both dailies in Huntsville and Mobile, WAPI-TV-AM-FM in Birmingham and a CATV (community antenna television network) in Anniston. Newhouse and another giant chain, Scripps-Howard, share ownership

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of the daily papers in Birmingham. Close by, Newhouse owns the dailies in New Orleans and Pascagoula, Miss., and Scripps-Howard owns the papers and WMC-TV in Memphis. Along with the Hearst Corp., which according to reliable sources has enlisted certain correspondents in a lobbying effort, the Newhouse and Scripps-Howard chains are highly active proponents of the proposed Newspaper Preservation Act. This bill, which would repeal a Supreme Court decision declaring a joint newspaper operating agreement in Tucson, Ariz., illegal, would legalize *per se* violations of the antitrust laws – especially profit-pooling and price-fixing. For years, such violations have been part and parcel of the joint operating agreements which unite separate ownerships, including Newhouse, Scripps-Howard and Hearst, in 22 cities.

But in Montgomery Mr. Agnew chose to savage two newspapers that happen to be among the extremely few to have the editorial courage to oppose the newspaper bill – *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*, which are in two of the last three major cities to have three separately owned daily papers. To go to Montgomery (itself a monopoly newspaper town) to attack the *Times* and the Washington Post Co. was "like going to Cairo to attack Arthur Goldberg," Sen. Philip A. Hart (D, Mich.) remarked. Hart is the principal opponent of the bill in Congress. As chairman of the Senate antitrust subcommittee, he presided over two years of hearings on the measure.

Although it is noteworthy that Mr. Agnew did not mention the newspaper bill in his Montgomery speech, the almost universal failure of the print and broadcast news media to call attention to the omission is inexcusable. The Vice President, if he has a taste for irony, might point this out some time. After all, as he said in Montgomery, he is "opposed to censorship of television and the press in any form." And if he has a taste for candor he might also deal with the split over the bill in the Nixon Administration – another newsy but widely ignored aspect of the matter.

With Budget Bureau – meaning White House – clearance the Justice Department has testified strongly and even eloquently against the bill before the Senate and House antitrust subcommittees. In June, Richard W. McLaren, Assistant Attorney General for antitrust, told Hart's unit that the bill would free a publisher making an undocumented claim of financial distress "to agree with his competitor to eliminate all commercial competition and share with him the fruits of an absolute monopoly." *Absolute monopoly.* Strong words. Was Mr. Agnew listening?

Practices such as profit-pooling and price-fixing "are illegal in and of themselves," McLaren continued. By legalizing them "the bill would flout the basic principles of the free enterprise system," he warned. "If a company, including a newspaper, can be saved only by eliminating all competition between it and its competitors, *we doubt that any good case can be made for the preservation of so lifeless an enterprise.* In these circumstances we believe it would be better to permit its disappearance from the market, thus making room for its replacement by a more robust competitor." (Emphasis supplied.) In addition, McLaren cited "the lack of any indication that such extreme measures as price fixing or profit pooling are in fact necessary to permit the independent existence of today's newspapers."

With this total rejection of the rationale for the bill – that the "extreme measures" are necessary in order to preserve the independent editorial voices of failing newspapers – McLaren turned to a fundamental issue of public policy. Saying that newspapers "serve a vital function in acting as a watchdog on government," he declared: "To perform this function effectively, newspapers must remain independent of government and deal with it at arm's length, affording government no immunity and seeking none from it. I do not personally believe that, in the long run, government promotes newspaper independence by granting newspapers special favors. To exempt newspapers from the most well-established of antitrust prohibitions . . . would without doubt invite pleas for similar special-interest treatment from others, such as book publishers, magazines, and the motion picture industry . . . Having sought such exemption itself, the newspaper industry will be in no position to deal with such efforts in an objective fashion, and thus to perform its basic public service function."

But McLaren was to be caught utterly by surprise – and embarrassed and saddened – by a series of events that began on a September day when Richard Berlin, president of the Hearst Corp., went to the White House to see Mr. Nixon, possibly at something less than arm's length. A couple of days later, the Commerce Department gave a surprise endorsement to the bill at a hearing of the House antitrust subcommittee. In 47 years in Congress, Chairman Emanuel Celler (D, N.Y.) said, he never knew of a case in which anyone but the Justice Department could speak for the White House on an antitrust bill. The Commerce Department, like the Justice Department, had Budget Bureau clear-

**COMING:** a commentary on Nixon's first year in the White House, by Tom Wicker

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ance. But it turned out that the Budget Bureau in the Nixon Administration resembles George Orwell's *Animal Farm* in that some clearances are more equal than others. In this case, McLaren had to admit to Celler on Sept. 25, not Justice but Commerce spoke for the President, even though his close adviser, Attorney General John N. Mitchell, had backed the antitrust chief. Celler's on-the-spot characterization of the situation was illuminating: the Administration was trying to "light one candle for Christ and one for the Devil and take no chances."

Aides to Mr. Nixon and Mr. Agnew, responding to a query about the Vice President's position on the bill, said that "the Administration" supports it. Sen. Hart, suggesting that Mr. Agnew really ought to talk to Mr. Mitchell, said "the Administration" is "half-right." What it comes down to is that Mr. Agnew lit one candle for deconcentration and one for concentration. But by failing to point out the inconsistency the news media as well as Mr. Agnew took no chances.

Similar issues are raised by the bill sponsored by Sen. John O. Pastore (D, R.I.) and zealously sought by the very networks Mr. Agnew denounced in Des Moines and Montgomery, as well as by concentrated ownerships with both broadcast holdings and "failing" newspapers. The Pastore measure would protect and advance concentration by making it almost impossible for anyone – including aggrieved minorities and groups that would offer more programming in the public interest – to have a hearing to protest and compete against existing licenses at renewal time. The Vice President, in his speeches, did not take a position on the bill, although it cannot be reconciled with his complaint about "the growing monopolization of the voices of public opinion." The President, at his press conference on Dec. 8, was questioned by network reporters about the speeches (he endorsed Mr. Agnew's position on fair reporting and commentary without specifically reaching the concentration issues) but not about the Pastore bill. Of course, the President left no doubt that concentration does not really trouble him when – after getting clearance from the broadcast industry – he named Dean Burch chairman and Robert Wells, who came from an outfit with multiple newspaper and broadcasting interests, a member of the Federal Communications Commission. On Dec. 17, they both voted against sending questionnaires to six conglomerates about connections between their broadcasting and their other business activities.

Mr. Agnew did not protest the immense contribution to concentration that the Pastore bill, which has every chance of success, would make. The broadcasters failed to tell us about that, and the print media – with very few exceptions – failed to tell us, too. Some in the business chalk up such omissions to "news judgment."

## The Growing Pains of Medical Care (I)

# Paying More, Getting Less

## by Fred Anderson

Several months ago President Nixon, Secretary Finch and the Assistant Secretary for Health and Scientific Affairs, Dr. Roger Egeberg, gathered at the White House to tell the nation that it is about to face a complete breakdown in the delivery of health services. Many think the breakdown has already occurred. Long waits for an appointment with a physician, poor service, and astronomical medical bills have gradually become the rule, rather than the exception. The public does not understand how this state of affairs came about, nor why physicians, hospitals and insurers have not done something about it. Particularly irritating is the federal government's failure, though it paid 29.6 percent of the $53.1 billion spent on health in

FRED ANDERSON, *a graduate of Oxford and Harvard in law, recently interrupted advanced work in political science at Berkeley to become a staff associate of the National Academy of Engineering. His "Death and Doctors" appeared in the April 19, 1969* New Republic.

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1968. Long hours in the "waiting room," hurried and impersonal attention, difficulty in obtaining night and weekend care, reduction of services because staff is not available, high drug and treatment costs, loopholes in insurance coverage, and the like, tell only part of the story. The rest is told by statistics which smash any remaining confidence that we lead the world in health care. Fifteen other countries have longer average life expectancies. (Ten-year-old females have a longer life expectancy in twelve other countries, while the American male child of ten years is bested in 31 countries.) Infant mortality is less in 14 other nations. Five countries have better maternal mortality rates. Twelve have better records for ulcers, diabetes, cirrhosis of the liver, hypertension without heart involvement. Twenty have less heart disease.

Whatever life expectancy a white American has, subtract seven years from the life of his nonwhite counterpart. Infant mortality rates are two times as great for nonwhites as for whites. Infant mortality rates for Negro children in Mississippi or a Northern city are comparable to Ecuador's; nationwide, to Costa Rica's Nonwhite maternal mortality is four times as great as the white rate. (The disparity in maternal death rates has grown from twofold to fourfold since the end of World War II.) In the city slums there is three times as much heart disease, five times as much mental disease, four times as much high blood pressure, and four times as many deaths before age thirty-five than there is nationwide.

The National Advisory Commission on Health Manpower (1967) reviewed 15 representative studies of the quality of health care services in the United States. Here are the findings in three of the studies: (1) a survey of medical laboratories sponsored by the National Center for Communicable Diseases (US Public Health Service) found that 25 percent of reported laboratory results on known samples were erroneous; (2) an evaluation of all major female pelvic surgery performed during a six-month period in a community hospital revealed that 70 percent of the operations which resulted in castration or sterilization were unjustified in the opinion of expert consultants; (3) the medical records of a random sample of 430 patients admitted to 98 different hospitals in New York City during May 1962 were reviewed by expert clinicians. In their opinion only 57 percent of all patients, and only 31 percent of the general medical cases, received "optimal" care.

Organized medicine attributes deterioration in health care to our failure to produce enough physicians for the growing demands for services. That's correct, to a point. Over the decade 1955-1965 "physician-directed services" rose 81 percent and hospital services 65 percent, although the increased output of physicians (22 percent) barely exceeded population growth (17 percent). In fact, the increase in physicians who went into patient care (12 percent) was *less* than population growth. Thus the availability of direct, personal treatment by a physician has diminished at a time when demand for medical care is going up rapidly. Demand has been so great that the expected undersupply of physicians should have occurred years ago. What happened? Physicians learned to delegate many tasks to other medical professionals, a practice which should be encouraged. Between 1955 and 1965, professional nurses increased by 44 percent, nonprofessional nurses 63 percent, x-ray technologists 56 percent, and clinical laboratory personnel 70 percent. Nevertheless, in the opinion of the National Advisory Commission on Health Manpower, the existing organization of medical care will soon require more physicians than the medical schools are capable of producing. "If additional personnel are employed in the present manner and within present patterns and 'systems' of care," said the Commission, "they will not avert, or even perhaps alleviate, the crisis." That seems to say that no number of additional physicians will be sufficient unless medical care is reorganized. But the Commission did not say how reorganization should be carried out.

What is so unsatisfactory about the organization of our present medical care system? It consists by and large of physicians in practice alone, or in small groups, on a fee-for-service basis. The model is the independent business entrepreneur, and a strong sense of nineteenth century individualism still guides professional conduct. (About 60 percent of physicians in direct care of patients are solo practitioners, even though less than two percent of current graduates go into general practice. Of physicians in office practice, about 72 percent still work on a fee-for-service basis.) The "nonsystem" of separate practitioners and few hospitals which grew up in the last century has somehow managed to underpin the vast array of interlocking referrals, specialities, clinics, hospital services and financial arrangements which exists today. That foundation is crumbling.

We cannot allow the further duplication of services, equipment and personnel, not only because of the high cost of redundancy, but because fee-for-service medicine is medically one-sided. It is adequate for episodic care for patients with a specific complaint. But such care, though good, is delivered in sporadic bursts. It is not the personalized, lifelong program of prevention, diagnosis, treatment and rehabilitation that it should be. Patients very rarely receive preventive screening or treatment. How could a fee-for-service bill be written for "diagnosing" and publicizing a dangerous playground? Who would be billed? The city? Parents? Fixing up several broken arms is a medical "service," with a going rate per arm. Getting embroiled with nonmedical "playground" issues is not, even though the expense of an ounce of prevention may be less than

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that for a pound of cure.

It is not quite fair to lay all the ills of the health care system at the feet of the practitioners who favor the fee-for-service system. The American Medical Association, as chief defender of fee-for-service, is almost a caricature of an Establishment, an easy target. But medicine has two Establishments, both of which contribute to our troubles. The second Establishment, hostile to the first, is based in urban hospitals. It is research and technology oriented, often salaried, and provides the world's best surgery and treatment for complex illnesses. The result is that though this is the best country in the world in which to have a serious illness, it is one of the worst countries in the world in which to have a non-serious illness. That part of medicine which most people encounter most often is mediocre. At the same time, we have outstanding open heart surgery, plastic surgery, surgical organ transplantation, and diagnostic skills. It is this paradox which makes it possible for a patient to read in the waiting room literature of America's latest triumph of medical technology, while failing to receive quick, effective and inexpensive treatment for a sore throat.

The strength of the new hospital-based Establishment is in its domination of the medical schools. Dr. Charles E. Lewis of Harvard's Center for Community Medicine and Medical Care believes that the inertia of medical schools and their affiliated teaching hospitals is the health care delivery system's chief problem. The schools and their hospitals turn out excellent clinicians, scientifically imaginative researchers, who appear more concerned with a patient's interesting electrolytes than with his humdrum good health. A department chairman, selected perhaps, because he discovered subtle mechanisms of kidney function, makes the school's reputation (and much of its money) by his work and by the grants which he gets for research. No one can tell the collection of department chairmen who run a medical school, or their granting agencies, that the funds which they collect should go to teach students how to care for whole patients in the environment in which patients live.

The fee-for-service system has not adapted well to third-party payments, whether from insurance companies or from government. The public finds this awkward welter of insurance plans and complex federal programs confusing and vexing.

Picking one's way through the medical maze requires, in the words of Dr. Sidney Lee of Harvard Medical School, "the flexibility of a worm, the dexterity of a locksmith, and the hairsplitting ability of a Philadelphia lawyer." For instance, new employees at the Lawrence Radiation Laboratories in California are handed a chart which folds out like a roadmap into a description of eight programs and benefits for 21 selected services. In the 168 separate boxes of fine print are detailed the conditions of coverage and exclusions of each of the eight plans. Making sense of health insurance is a problem for all of us, even if we are not given "helpful" charts. With approximately 1800 separate plans in existence to choose from, what are we to do?

Perhaps it would be worth working through the maze *if* private insurance provided complete coverage. It does not. *All* third-party payments, including federal programs and philanthropy as well as private insurance, accounted for only *half* of personal health care expenditures by 1966. The private health insurers make quite a fuss over how extensive their coverages are. They point out that about three-fourths of the population has some kind of hospitalization or surgical coverage and that the number is growing. But the important point is not that the number of persons covered is going up; it is that the insured are not getting much for their money. The insured three-fourths of the population has about one-third of its medical bills paid through insurance. Large categories of medical expenses, such as drugs, dental care, and nonhospital "ambulatory" office visits, are excluded from most policies. These exclusions are critical at a time when consumers spend about 20 percent of their health dollars on drugs, about 10 percent on dental care, and, according to a recent MIT study, another 25 percent to 50 percent for ambulatory care.

Government, principally through Medicare and Medicaid, has ventured into paying some of the medical bills of those least able to pay – the elderly and the poor. Medicare includes two related programs for insuring persons over 65 against the costs of hospitalization, physicians' services and related health care. There is no means test. Part A, Hospital Insurance Benefits, covers practically all persons over age 65. It draws its money from a special hospital insurance trust fund, in the case of social security beneficiaries, and general revenues, in the case of those not currently covered by Social Security. Part B, medical insurance for some (but nothing like all) physicians' fees and related costs, is financed by voluntary individual monthly payments, although the federal government also contributes from general revenues. Medicare functions quite smoothly, though hospitals complain of the paperwork and restrictions, and patients complain that in some hospitals they are discriminated against as Medicare patients. Lastly, and contrary to general belief, Medicare covers only about 35 percent of the total health bill of persons over 65.

Medicaid is more complicated. The primary recipients here are, in the bureaucratic phrase, the indigent "categorically needy": the aged, the blind, the disabled, and families with dependent children. Each participating state must submit a plan, and the categorically needy must be included. States are permitted, but not required, to include persons who are self-

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supporting but have no reserves to meet medical expenses. These are (again, their phrase) the "medically needy." States may also extend Medicaid to those whose only qualification is poverty. But the federal government will pay only the administrative costs of providing them with medical care. State Medicaid plans must offer five basic services: inpatient hospital care, outpatient hospital care, other lab and x-ray services, nursing home services, and physicians' services. States may elect to provide five additional services for a comprehensive program.

We constantly hear that Medicaid was ill-conceived, that it slipped by Congress while its attention was on Medicare. It certainly was not ill-conceived. Medicaid is a ten-year plan designed to gently badger the states into providing comprehensive medical coverage for all medically and economically deprived persons by 1975. Inflation aside, one reason why Medicaid now gobbles up the dollars is because it is growing, exactly according to the plan set out in the original legislation. After four years of varying degrees of state acceptance, the plan does, however, seem to be a shambles: Medicaid currently serves limited categories of the poor and sick, through benefits of Byzantine complexity, which vary astonishingly from state to state (under Medicaid, New York averages $57 per inhabitant for medical assistance; New Hampshire, $5). The states abuse Medicaid, about a dozen of the states have rejected it altogether, and it is underadministered in Washington.

Skyrocketing costs under Medicaid have led to a well-publicized campaign to economize through administrative reforms. The Administration may actually believe that such tinkering with Medicaid, including November's frantic efforts of yet another Task Force, are the kind of "revolutionary change" which the President said he wanted when he drew attention to the crisis in health care. It would appear so, since the Administration's July report, billed as a major interagency study requiring five months to complete, spent most of its shot on administrative reforms. For instance, the government pins great hopes on the strict limits it recently set on fees of physicians participating in Medicaid. But physicians, angered by this effrontery, are likely to respond either by dropping out of Medicaid entirely, or raising their fees to the new legal maximum, causing costs to escalate further.

This sort of reform is worthless. All large institutional funds such as Medicaid, whether public or private in origin, are uncontrollably inflationary in the present *entrepreneurial fee-for-service system*. There is no effective way to police this vast undertaking. Through their right to determine "reasonable" fees, and behind the screen of the simple physician-patient contract for services, hospitals and practitioners are tempted to take what large third-party funds will allow. Proof is not hard to find. Medical costs were already increasing at twice the rate of increase in the Consumer Price Index when Medicaid and Medicare went into effect. But in that year physicians' fees shot up at almost three times the rate of general prices, while hospital charges, incredibly, increased at five times the rate of general prices! Small wonder that the Senate Finance Committee felt obligated to inquire into possible fraudulent behavior among the 10,000 physicians who in 1968 "earned" $25,000 or more apiece from Medicaid and Medicare.

Federal bureaucratic inefficiency is not particularly to blame, as a recent experience of a private insurer shows. Blue Cross of Kansas, a comparatively simple, modestly financed scheme, recently made $250,000 available to its subscribers for walk-in care at the physician's office. Ten percent of the physicians participating used 50 percent of the fund, and $50,000 was paid out by Blue Cross for simple hypodermic injections alone. Four physicians gave most of the injections, collecting remarkably "reasonable" fees. Patients did not need the injections any more than they did before Blue Cross acted, nor did they request injections. Nevertheless, their physicians prescribed them, and patients, because they were not paying or because they had no idea what an injection should cost, did not object to the artificially high prices charged back to Blue Cross.

It is not going to be easy to change all this, to modernize medical care. With $2.5 million of campaign contributions, the AMA was able in 1968 to control the political forces which shape a health care system costing the public $53.1 billion annually. The AMA pattern is clear: first a survey, a recommendation, a legislative proposal for change, supported by physicians and laymen alike, which speaks up for the public, attempting to head off health care crises like the one we're in. The retaliation of organized medicine is always swift and defensive, reaching an emotional crest on the editorial pages of the *Journal* of the AMA. So it was in 1948 when the recommendations of the President's National Health Assembly provoked a $25 assessment on AMA members for a war chest to fight socialized medicine. So it was in 1951 when the President's Commission on the Health Needs of the Nation was called "another flagrant proposal to play politics with the medical welfare of the American people." So it was, for eight years, with the battle for Medicare which ended in 1965.

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*This article, the first of three about health care, describes our present health care system and explains why it no longer meets health needs. The second article will propose a reorganizational plan to meet these needs. The final article will discuss how health care should be financed in a reorganized system.*

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# Stanley Kauffmann on films

## They Shoot Horses, Don't They?
(ABC)

## Intimate Lighting
(Altura)

It has a lot of the come-on of Harsh Truth-telling, but *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* is quite hollow. The filmmakers can brag to their mothers or analysts or wives – or whomever they brag to – that their picture is uncompromised and sticks bravely to its "downbeat" ending, but so did Bette Davis's *Marked Woman* (1936). What this film lacks is any information about why it was made – except that it wants to be commended for its forthrightness. Yes, in a broad easy manner, it lampoons "the American way," but that's a pretty big, enveloping tent into which a lot of people crawl without really paying any kind of painful admission. Nothing is easier than free surfing on a wave of national self-excoriation.

Horace McCoy's novel of the same name (1935) deals with a dance marathon in the Hollywood of the depression years, an event in which couples danced for days in order to win prize money. People paid to watch them struggle, and spectators also offered money for "sprints" when the contestants were particularly tired. The competitors got ten minutes off for rest and food every two hours; the couple that danced 1500 hours got $1500.

When the book was published, it had a fair sale, but when it was subsequently published in France, it was a critical and commercial sensation, and Horace McCoy – not very well-known here – became an outstanding American writer there. My own impression is that his French success was one more example of old-style inverse anti-Americanism. To praise what was second-rate and brutal about America, like facile gangster films, was a way of patronizing. (It had its bitter consequent reversal in the current hatred among the French young for American brutality.)

McCoy's French acclaim eventually echoed in this country, and his novel began to get over-compensatory critical attention in the US. I'm aware that some eminent French writers praised it highly. I don't know what those writers thought of James M. Cain, but my own view, like Edmund Wilson's, is that McCoy is notably inferior to Cain.

*Horses* is precisely the kind of novel that a certain kind of deep-think film mentality – say, of the Joseph Strick – *Savage Eye* kind – has always chafed to film and has used as a proof that Hollywood had no guts. It is both tricky and flat, but it nevertheless makes some effect by means of those typographical tricks and the author's consistent flat tone. The film fiddles with the original viewpoint – it is not seen exclusively through the hero's eyes. It fiddles with the revelation of his partner's murder, in attempts to build up suspense. It inserts dubious new stuff and omits important matters. For instance, the pointless death of the girl is prefigured and prepared in the book by the even more senseless death of an old lady fan of hers, Mrs. Layden, who has been watching her from the stands. Mrs. Layden's murder is omitted from the screenplay.

But the film's basic aesthetic failure is in its texture – something I've discussed previously in regard to other adaptations (Evelyn Waugh, for instance). Take this passage from the novel in which Mrs. Layden first appears:

> "Hello, Gloria," a voice said.
> We looked around. It was an old woman in a front row box seat by the railing . . .
> "Hello," Gloria said.
> "What was the matter down there?" the old woman asked.
> "Nothing," Gloria said. "Just a little argument."
> "How do you feel?" the old woman asked.
> "All right, I guess," Gloria replied.
> "I'm Mrs. Layden," the old woman said. "You're my favorite couple."
> "Well, thanks," I said.

That passage – more than anything else in the book – has stuck in my mind since I first read it some twenty-five years ago. "You're my favorite couple." Obscene and pathetic, both; and laid in there nakedly to resound on its own. In the film it becomes a warm little touch. And instead of the hyper-naturalistic black-and-white tone of the prose, we get the golden glow of color, swirls, lights – all the apparatus of punctured romance, instead of the bottom of a pit.

The director, Sydney Pollack, has said, in an introduction to the published screenplay that, when the characters of a novel are put on a screen, they must be filled in with action and dialogue so that they won't seem hollow. But the whole point of Gloria is that she *should* seem hollow. The filling-in, the provision of little climaxes and of switches to her viewpoint, make her an aggressive toughie, almost as if she were conscious of being tough in a movie.

Jane Fonda plays the role, and readers may remember that I have been enthusiastic about her possibilities as actress ever since her film debut ten years ago. She has given some very good performances and some very lazy, absent-minded ones since then. Here, in this italicized character, she supplies a cutting edge that at least gives it presence. She is made up and coiffured to look like a harpy in a Lynd Ward woodcut of the thirties, and she gets a pleasant ham relish out of her moral slumming. But there is a fundamental flaw, which Pollack has not caught: Miss Fonda plays this Texas-born tramp with her own good Eastern finishing-school accent. She says "goddam" as if the term following were going to be "debutante's ball" instead of "dance marathon."

Michael Sarrazin, the hero, is too obviously being promoted as a "sweet" successor to Henry Fonda to be credible as Gloria's partner in the lower depths. Red Buttons, attended as always by the stench of theatrical "heart," plays an aging sailor in the marathon and aids the air of naturalism very little. Susannah York is unbearable in the equally unbearable role of an English actress who enters the marathon hoping to attract producers in the stands.

The only interesting character is the one that has been arranged for Gig Young, the promoter and MC; at least it has more than one note in it. Young plays it well, with good carny con, and is photographed not only to exploit his age but to distort his pleasant features clownishly. It's not a hard part,

*(Continued on page 34)*

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# Alexander Feldman: Buddhist Power

## Japan's New Buddhism
by Kiyoaki Murata
(Walker-Weatherhill; $5.95)

Today, millions in Japan are whispering, chanting, even shouting an ancient phrase they claim will bring them happiness and success. The phrase: "Nam Myoho Renge Kyo" (Nam is sometimes spelled Namu) may be translated as "Glory to the Sutra of the Lotus of the Supreme Law." Urging reverence for an early Buddhist work, the Lotus Sutra, the phrase had been chanted by Buddhists for centuries with a fervor akin to that of Catholics saying Hail Marys. For the modern chanters of the slogan, however, the benefits to be obtained include such worldly goods as more customers, a better lover, good skiing weather, a promotion. The phrase, repeated over and over at numerous intervals during the day, forms the main ritual of the Soka Gakkai, the most powerful and, to this reviewer, the most frightening mass movement of our time. The Komeito, its political arm, will, with luck, gain control of Japan within two decades. Using one of the more conservative estimates, its members now number eight or ten million. Eventually one third of the Japanese people will count themselves believers, if present goals are fulfilled. Another third will be convinced to vote the movement's political line, and the obstinate remainder will be smothered in tolerance. Once all this is achieved, the next move of the Soka Gakkai cannot be predicted, but it will almost surely be a nationalistic one.

Since it has the support of millions and millionaires, the Soka Gakkai, or Value-Creating Academic Society, is not likely to die from lack of funds. In four days during 1965, the movement took in one hundred million dollars in donations after calling for nine million dollars to build an addition to its temple near Mt. Fuji. The proprietors of small and medium-sized businesses have found in Soka Gakkai's strident anti-Communism an effective antidote to Socialism. As a result of the movement's success, and for other reasons, Socialist strength is waning and the Communists are reduced to calling for better street-paving programs. Workers often find themselves with a choice of joining the Soka Gakkai or facing the loss of a job, or at least being passed up for promotion. The early organization drives were so coercive that, in 1955, the director of the government's security agency claimed they were "conducting a membership drive in a semi-gangster manner, using a military organization," and threatened to invoke the anti-subversive activities control law to silence them. The movement's president replied that, since the law was anti-Communist in nature it could not be used to quell an anti-Communist movement. Since 1955, coercive procedures have been reduced, but even without overt coercion, many continue to join out of fear.

It has been reported that liberal newspapers are often afraid to criticize the Soka Gakkai for fear of alienating a portion of their mass readership. The papers, for their part, claim to be unwilling to raise theological questions. Thus unrestrained, the movement has grown even faster than its leader had predicted. There has been very little serious writing in English on the subject, but the first book-length study

# A Nap at Sunion

Peeling away the layers of clouds,
dollying in with my dream camera,
I see

a girl
curled up naked
sleeping on a rock.

She has climbed down the spiney hill
to explore an ancient cave
chill with the smell of shepherd's urine and Poseidon.

She swims in the sea near a ledge,
never thinking of the octopus watching her.
She floats

toward adolescent islands
nippling the horizon.
And then she sleeps

while the horns
of the god's temple
rise over her.

RUTH WHITMAN

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has at last appeared, a slim volume by an American-born journalist who is assistant managing editor of Japan's largest English-language paper. *Japan's New Buddhism*, by Kiyoaki Murata twice proclaims its objectivity on the dust jacket. It is about as objective as the four gospels are about Christ, but it is a faithful rendering of the group's beliefs and, as such, has real value. Its glaring omissions (such as failing to tell what became of that hundred million dollars, or what attitude Japan's old militarists take toward the Soka Gakkai) are made up for by numerous photographs of its founders and the fantastic crowds they've attracted.

The Soka Gakkai was founded in 1951 when Josei Toda announced his presidency to a few supporters. The very next year the group's 5,728 families celebrated its seven-hundredth anniversary. In Buddhism, legitimatizing a sect customarily involves tracing its ancestry back to Buddha and providing it with a canonical text ascribed to a more recent patriarchal figure. Founder Toda claimed Nichiren, a lonely 13th century priest, leader of one of Japan's few original Buddhist sects, and an aggressive nationalist himself, as his own movement's spiritual father. Nichiren had preached salvation through faith in the Lotus Sutra and Toda picked up the chant from this source. Before the Soka Gakkai came along, several Nichirenite sects existed and they continue to function as thorns in the Soka Gakkai's side. Clearly Toda wished to found a modern religion with traditional roots. For this he published the work of Makiguchi, a thesis on educational philosophy that has absolutely nothing to do with the Lotus Sutra. Toda had taught under Makiguchi's supervision and had used his master's theory, which, not differing greatly from John Stuart Mill's Utilitarianism, dates from the thirties. Toda apparently modernized the text since it contains references to the atomic bomb, though Makiguchi died in 1943. It may have been essential to him to have his movement take cognizance of the bomb for he was, in Murata's words, "burning with a desire for vengeance . . . against an invisible enemy who had caused . . . agony to tens of millions of his fellow-countrymen." The identity of this invisible enemy was not made clear in the book.

In 1943, before Toda was briefly imprisoned, he had gained control of seventeen companies and did business as a stockbroker, moneylender and publisher, as well as teacher. By the early fifties he was lecturing regularly in the Lotus Sutra and publishing and selling his lectures. Every member of the movement had to purchase the text, so the doctrine was rapidly turned into cash, justifying Toda's claim that the Lotus Sutra had brought him success.

To be a Soka Gakkai member is simple, but difficult. One need only: 1) destroy the implements of one's previous belief; 2) purchase the texts, including a manual on gaining converts; 3) repeat the sacred phrase over and over at eight daily prayer sessions; 4) participate in as many as five meetings per week; 5) pay a visit to the head temple where Nichiren's own mandala inscribed with the sacred phrase is kept; 6) conduct *shakubuku* or proselytizing. Performing these tasks may not make for a happier life, but it will provide a fuller one. Eric Hoffer suggests that the desire for proselytizing is inspired by a lack of conviction. Murata says that one is not a member until he has made a convert.

Soka Gakkai may be big and it may be fanatic, but it would hardly be worth noticing were it not for the political party it has spawned, the Komeito or Clean Government Party. Despite a specific constitutional prohibition against political activity by religious groups (article 20: "No religious organization shall . . . exercise any political authority") the Komeito grows every year. In the election just held, the number of Komeito members in the powerful House of Representatives has risen from 25 to 47 seats, out of a total of 486. Separation of church and state is indeed an unfamiliar concept in the East (cf. the Buddhist parties in South Vietnam) and State Shinto had been a major factor in whatever success Japan had had during World War II. The Komeito was born in 1964 with the avowed purpose of exerting a spiritual control on political life in Japan.

The Komeito may be anti-Communist but its politics places it beyond both right and left, which it characterizes as ideologies of the past. Instead, Komeito's modest platform is the bringing about of "the happiness of the individual through rectification of the order and systems of society." Thus, Plato's philosopher-king has become a good businessman. By participating in elections, the Komeito determines its areas of strength and weak-


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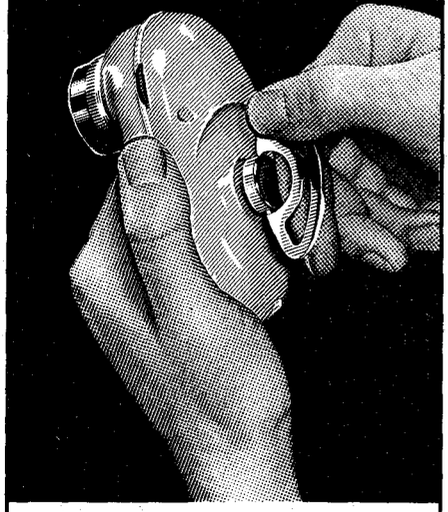

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ness. Where it is weak, intensive conversion campaigns almost always bring impressive results at the following election.

The movement is strong in the United States as well. A thrice-weekly paper is published in California with headlines that read like Carter's Pill ads: "Timid nature becomes self-confident," and "Realized wonderful life."

Meanwhile the movement in Japan has grown so fat it has become respectable. Its present leader, Daisaku Ikeda, who thoughtfully furnished Mr. Murata with an introduction of his book, strikes one as a successful administrator (the Komeito was his idea, for example). In order for his movement to gain broader political power, it must win votes from disaffected socialists: the intellectuals, the writers, the young. When the movement began, these groups were solidly opposed to the unreasoning Soka Gakkai (but that is little consolation since they also opposed Japanese militarism during the 1930's). Now a few students have joined up, giving the movement a foot-in-the-door to capture the youth.

I am worried about the Soka Gakkai, and last week a Japanese friend confided to me that he is even more worried than I am. And a Tokyo correspondent of an American newspaper told me he was afraid Japan may soon "go the way of Hitler." A reading of *Japan's New Buddhism* does not quite confirm the worst fears: the present movement's leaders appear to be reasonable men and their motives are obscured beneath a meaningless rhetoric. Many analysts are inclined to give them the benefit of the doubt.

One guesses, however, that this ingenious secular religion will not be easily undermined. And though it uses techniques a thousand years old, it may well be signaling the start of a new era. A temple is slowly rising at the foot of Mt. Fuji, the symbolic heart of what Herman Kahn claims will be *the* country of the twenty-first century. If the reader shudders as he learns about this fast-growing power, perhaps he ought to recall that religions, like babies, are born amid pain and struggle. And as the ancient Romans can attest, all new religions appear menacing, at least for the first three or four hundred years.

# Two from The New Yorker

## David Young: Occasional Rewards

### The New Yorker Book of Poems

(Viking; $12.50)

*The New Yorker* is one of those institutions most of us grumble about but would miss if we had to go without it. We grew up on it and into it, progressing from delight in the cartoons, through a fascination for those tiny-print bloopers, to a discovery of the fiction and journalism. And then there were, and are, the reviews and the poems, never very stimulating, never quite up to the quality of the rest. But it's a sensible feature of any institution to have blemishes and peculiarities, and just as we've grown used to such anomalous conjunctions as apocalyptic prose by James Baldwin cheek by jowl with ads for pearls, gin, crystal, perfume and boxes of prime steak, so we're accustomed to encountering, week upon week, indifferent reviewing and poems of a discouraging sameness and mediocrity.

Is that too strong? All right, to be fair: sometimes the reviews are quite good, and, every so often, the persistent, hopeful reader of poetry is rewarded by a really splendid poem. There's no reason, really, why he shouldn't be. *The New Yorker* has been, and is, in a position to attract the best poems being written. But the fact remains that, by and large, it has failed to do just that; even when it has had the best poets, it has seldom had

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their best work. The phrase, "a *New Yorker* poem," is one I've heard a lot, but never in a complimentary sense.

But maybe we just *like* to grumble, and, secretly, enjoy *New Yorker* poems more than we care to admit. Or maybe the generalization won't hold; maybe there's no such thing as a typical *New Yorker* poem. The opportunity to test such notions arrives with the publication of a mammoth anthology, *The New Yorker Book of Poems:* no cartoons, no stories, no ads, just poems, something like nine hundred of them, "chosen from its pages by its editors."

As anthologies go, this one has some real peculiarities. For one thing, the poems are printed alphabetically by title. The reasons given are that this provides variety and is "truer to the way poems actually appear in *The New Yorker* week after week" (a slight case of institutional self-worship there; what's so sacred about the way poems appear in a weekly magazine?). What this arrangement means is that if you want to read, say, the seventeen poems by Theodore Roethke that appear in the collection, you must, using the index, look in sixteen different places (two, by chance, are together). If this strikes the reader as inconvenient, he can solace himself with the knowledge that he has a rare opportunity to study a great many poems beginning with F (from "Fable," by W. H. Auden, to "Furniture," by Phyllis Harris), or a few that start with K ("Kindness," by Catherine Davis, "The Kingdom," by Jon Swan, "The King in May," by Michael Dennis Browne, "The Kite," by Mark Strand – a good poem, by the way – and "The Krankenhaus of Leutkirch," by Richmond Lattimore). My own favorite section at the moment is "M." It leaves me meditating. On men, moons, mockingbirds, mirrors and Montana. And mess. Or mingle-mangle, an old word for hodge-podge.

Another odd thing: the anthology is supposed to cover the forty-four years during which *The New Yorker* has been published. In other words, it has Historical Significance. But this is, as far as the first twenty-five or thirty years go, largely nonsense. Somewhere between eighty and ninety percent of the poems in the collection were published in the fifties and sixties. The Foreword claims that the book covers a half-century of poetry *and* contains the best poems that *The New Yorker* has published. It seems clear, however, that in honoring the latter requirement, the editors have skimped on the former. The anthology contains, by my count, three poems from the twenties and thirty-three from the thirties. In a nine hundred poem anthology, that's token representation.

This is, in fact, very much an anthology of the fifties (which were pretty bad) and the sixties (which were a good deal better) in American poetry. And its size poses a serious question: do the editors of *The New Yorker* really think that something like eight hundred poems worthy of anthologizing have been published in one magazine over the past twenty years? If so, we have another instance of editorial and institutional vanity. It can be admitted that no other weekly magazine could mount an anthology of this kind (note to all other weekly magazines: Don't try!), but that is scarcely the point. An anthology invites comparison with other anthologies, whatever the publishing history of its contents.

It may be that that chap with the monocle is gazing, not at the butterfly, but at his own reflection. Certainly one other curious example of vanity must be cited here. The jacket claims that the list of poets "includes almost every recognized American and British poet of our century." I don't think that "almost" quite covers the exceptions. Among the missing: Yeats, Stevens, Frost, Crane, Thomas, Ransom, and, among newer poets, Lowell, Larkin, Levertov, Bly, and Snyder. Why pretend that an anthology with such omissions is comprehensive?

The first line of the first poem in this collection reads "My room in Florence was the color of air" ("Above the Arno," May Swenson), and the first line of the last poem is "You know those rose sherbets" ("You Know," Jean Garrigue). In between is a good deal that is similarly familiar. What's wrong with such poems? Nothing much, really. They are urbane, well travelled, have impeccable manners, soft voices, shined shoes. Week by week, among the cartoons and ads, they are pleasant and unobtrusive. Put them together in a great big anthology, however, and they lose their protective coloration. Most of the poems in this book, if I may call in my first and last witness, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, are poems of fancy rather than imagination. They are rearrangements of experience rather than transformations of it. There are, to be sure, poems of real imagination in this book (by, among others, Theodore Roethke, William Stafford, Louis Simpson, William Carlos Williams, and James Wright), but they are few and far between. And the presence of *some* fine poems does not justify an anthology, especially one of this size. Within *The New Yorker Book of Poems* is a much smaller anthology, of fairly high quality, struggling to get out.

## Zion

Grayfaced,
groping through the day,
I come to touch you breast to breast,
and spring up, replenished, rosy
with your quickening.

Touchstone,
your body is my Israel,
your shoulder my wailing
wall, your face the bible
of my wandering.

RUTH WHITMAN

### NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

DAVID YOUNG *is professor of English at Oberlin College.* HERBERT L. PACKER, *teaches law at Stanford.* RUTH WHITMAN *is a Scholar in Poetry at the Radcliffe Institute.*

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# Herbert L. Packer: For Old Eli's

## Harvard: Through Change and Through Storm by E. J. Kahn

(Norton; $7.50)

Mr. Kahn just tells a lot of stories about Harvard. His book is an example of the *New Yorker* "Profile" genre but lacks the bite and the penetration of, say, Wolcott Gibbs' classic piece on Time, Inc. Kahn's effort ought to offend the ghost of Harold Ross.

Chatty and gossipy Mr. Kahn's book certainly is. One can readily sympathize with Professor Stanley Hoffmann who, on April 9, 1969, the day of the Harvard "bust," is reported by Kahn to have brushed him off as "he rushed off to some meeting or other." Hoffmann must wonder whether it was really worthwhile spending time talking with Kahn, even for the sake of being enshrined as "Harvard's Voice of Reason." At least one would want to know how the events of April 9 "would further enlarge [Hoffmann's] already formidable reputation."

The events of April 9 may have offered the occasion for writing the book. Yet it lacks even a coherent account of that event, let alone a sustained analysis of its causes. Although the book is liberally laced with references to the April 9 uprising, in fact that event takes a back seat to the 11-page account of the Arnold Arboretum controversy, which can be described as a struggle both complicated and obscure that only rattled teacups in Cambridge. *Up Against the Ivy Wall* Mr. Kahn's book isn't; despite its claim to be a chronicle of change and storm, it is more the irrelevant *Iliad* of the Arnold Arboreta.

A book about Harvard could have been a useful contribution to the literature of higher education's trials, a literature which has become a veritable blizzard of studies that diagnose, prophesy and celebrate the coming Apocalypse. It is hardly surprising that every notable figure in the academic world has been moved to write, or is writing, or in all probability will write a book on higher education's malaise.

The subject is certainly important, although navel-gazing in print is an affliction to which far too many academicians are subject. Yet there is a place, so far unfilled, for a book that occupies the middle range. Instead of Grand Theorizing or Case Studies (however chatty), what we need are works that examine and project the processes and institutions of change, of what one might call the nuts and bolts of educational reform. These works, when they appear, will not be glamorous but they will be useful.

One central question that obsesses all the pace-setting universities in our Educational Establishment is the changing place of undergraduate education. Carl Kaysen, in his *The Universities, the Higher Learning, and the Public* (1969) with the incomparable lucidity of his economic eminence, gives a simple answer: the pace-setting institutions cannot afford to go on playing the role of cultural transmitters to undergraduates. An antipodal work, Harold Taylor's *Students Without Teachers* (1969) untidily and sloppily sounds the trumpets of a New Jerusalem, in which students educate each other and themselves. Kaysen I find bloodless and unconvincing in his Utopian practicality. Taylor simply ignores the real problems. I refuse to believe that nothing more can be said. Surely, someone who is both convinced of the need for change and cognizant of the ways in which universities have burked their problems ought to take his courage in his hands and discuss possible modifications in academic institutions and processes. One might study a single exemplary institution or deal with the pace-setting institutions that share common characteristics. Until that someone analyzes the architecture of academic order, we are left to those who celebrate or mourn things-as-they-are, or their apocalyptic, millennarian adversaries, or even the superficial chroniclers of the day-to-day. Kahn's book may make amusing reading for Old Eli's, but it speaks not at all to the important problems of higher education or of Harvard.

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# Correspondence

## Walter Heller and Economic Growth

*Sirs:*

In his response [January 3] to my alleged "character assassination" of Walter Heller, Joseph A. Pechman "sets the record straight." He says that Heller and his colleagues on the Council of Economic Advisers "actively supported" domestic expenditure increases in the Kennedy-Johnson (K-J) years. This begs the question of *urgency* and of effective preference when the choice had to be made between expenditure increases and tax cuts as the means for stimulating the economy. Heller himself, in *New Dimensions of Political Economy*, cites President Kennedy as saying to him: "First we'll get your tax cut, then we'll get my budget increases."

Pechman's statement also ignores the fact that the real priority of the K-J leadership, accounting for over $500 billion in federal resource disposition during its tenure, was the military. This priority was so highly rated that it amounted to a *de facto* "blank check to the powerful interests formed by the fusion of military, industrial and political components of the American arms establishment" (Ralph Lapp). Heller was in the forefront of the "guns *plus* butter" school, which took guns as a given and argued that we could also have butter "if we wanted it." Heller had hardly gotten this view into print in 1966 when it was already obvious that the socio-political realignments brought about by war assured that we were going to have many more guns but little more butter.

Although not once mentioning military expenditures, Pechman states that "federal civilian expenditures rose more rapidly when they [Heller and his CEA colleagues] were in office than in any other period in American history." This assertion is demonstrably false. Without looking beyond the New Deal, it can be shown that civilian federal spending went up by almost 109 percent from 1933-1936, as compared to 35 percent for the period 1961-1964. Or taking the longer span 1932-33 to 1941-42 (fiscal year averages) versus 1960-68, federal civilian expenditures went up 147 percent in the earlier period, 128 percent in the K-J years. Since the price level rose only about 1 percent in the earlier period, and 18 percent in the K-J era, the larger increase in civilian outlays in the earlier period is understated. It is further understated by the fact that federal civilian expenditures 1960-68 include space, and international affairs and finance, both of which have a large military-intelligence component.

In discussing Heller's role in the 1962-64 tax cuts, Pechman fails to explain why Heller finds tax reform urgent now, while he and his associates aroused the ire of Senators Douglas and Gore (among others) by their earlier unwillingness to fight hard for reform. Nowhere does Pechman discuss the evidence I cited that Heller strongly supported the large business windfalls which were given top priority in the Kennedy tax adjustments of 1962-63. And while Pechman emphatically denies that the tax cuts of 1962-64 were not regressive, he does not discuss the matter at all. One of the few serious attempts by an economist to evaluate the progressivity of the K-J tax cuts (S. O. Hermanson, "An Analysis of the Recent Tax Cut," *National Tax Journal*, Dec. 1965) concludes that the income tax cuts taken by themselves were probably regressive, but that when we also take into account the business taxes and the increases in social security taxes, "changes in federal revenue laws since January 1, 1963 by 1968 will have overwhelmingly benefited the higher income groups in relation to the lower income groups."

I argued in my letter that Heller's earlier lack of urgency on tax reform was not only a matter of political expediency, it also appeared to rest on principle. The principle was the belief that growth would throw off a "dividend" that could be used to meet social needs without generating conflict or necessitating structural change. The quote which I gave from Heller on this point seemed quite clearly to extend the principle to income redistribution and tax reform. Pechman's attempt to restrict its application is arbitrary. What is more, Pechman does not explain why tax reform and income distribution are relegated to insignificance in Heller's book on the *New Dimensions of Political Economy*. The fact is that Heller is far from unique among the New Economists in downgrading such matters. Some of his most distinguished


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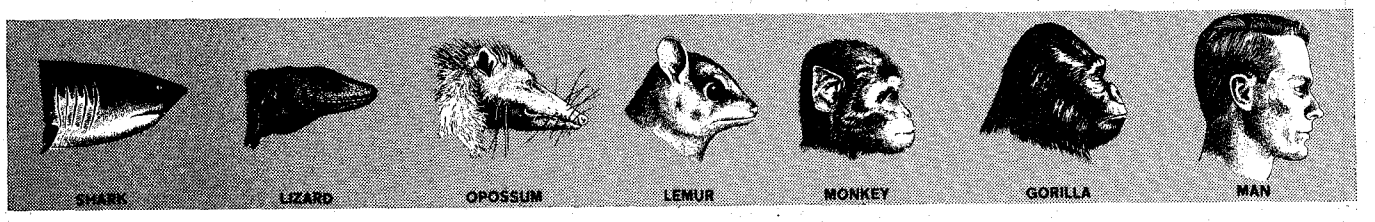


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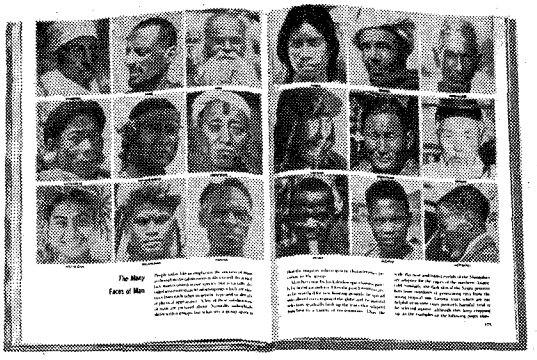

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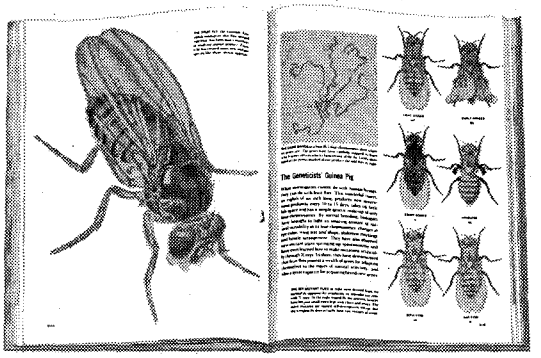

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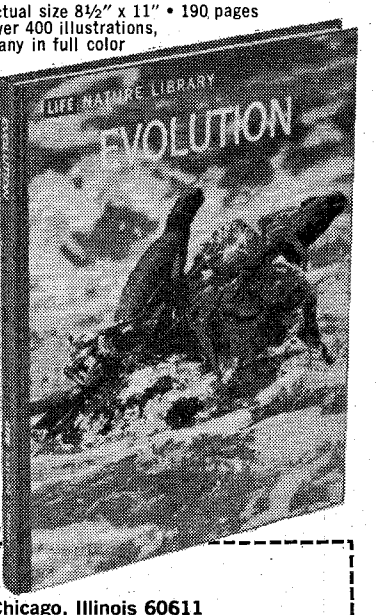


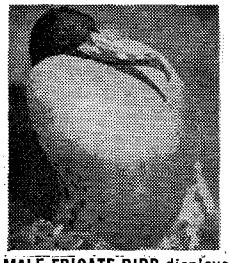

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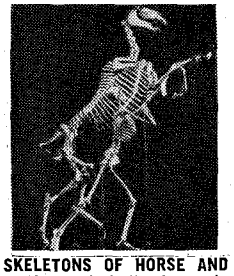

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associates have discovered that the "fire has gone out" of the income distribution issue, which is pursued only by "zealots." And the idea that growth provides the solvent for most of our problems had taken possession of many New Economists by the Eisenhower years.

The growth ideology, which is both conservative (deemphasizing the need for structural change) and politically naive (the growth dividend tends to be captured by dominant power groups mainly for their own purposes, not for those of liberal advisers), deserves serious discussion. So does the ready acquiescence of the New Economists in the growth of military expenditures as the Keynesian stimulus to the economy (which has led to the emergence of the concept "Military Keynesianism"). Finally, the wide range of problems associated with the assimilation of economists into the political process and the grants-economy, and the threat which this poses to the independence of the profession and its educational (versus propagandistic) role, also deserves attention. It is unfortunate that Joseph Pechman did not choose to address himself to these issues.

*Edward S. Herman*
*University of Pennsylvania*

*Sirs:*

Joseph Pechman has intemperately attacked Professor Herman for suggesting [December 6, 1969] that Walter Heller, during his service to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, as Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, preferred economic growth to income redistribution and (tax) reform. I am amazed that Pechman characterizes Herman's observations as "distortions" and "character assassination", and charges you with provocation and slander for publishing them. Herman may have erred in suggesting that ideological as well as practical considerations motivated Heller's "failure to press for tax reform in the early sixties." But there can be no reasonable doubt that the effect of Heller's policy positions has certainly been inimical to the cause of tax reform, income redistribution and adequate public spending for urgent public purposes.

The crux of the matter is precisely that for Heller (and others who promoted the "New Economics"), economic growth was indeed the overriding priority. When, in the early sixties, a sluggish economy could have been stimulated to faster growth either by massive tax cuts *or* by massive public spending for urgent public purposes, the Hellers (and the Pechmans?) were apparently quite willing to accept tax cuts in order to get the growth to which they accorded the higher priority. (Whether these cuts were regressive I shall not argue here; in the judgment of many, they were.) If my memory serves me right, Heller and his supporters opposed efforts to build tax reform into the tax cuts at that time, on the ground that this would endanger the prospects for congressional approval of the cuts, and hence of economic growth. Whether, and how bitterly, they came to regret their earlier acceptance of the tax cut route to economic growth, when the growing cancer of Vietnam devoured the growth dividends they had anticipated would become available to finance the "Great Society" à la Johnson, I do not know, although Pechman's emotional responses are certainly suggestive in this connection. But there is even more to the case that Herman has made. When, some time later, Heller *et al* found it necessary to advocate a tax increase to help pay for the war in Vietnam and contain inflation, they again deplored any advocacy of tax reform in the new context, in favor of a "noncontroversial" across-the-board tax increase or surcharge, giving this time, again on practical grounds, a higher priority to "stability" than to tax reform. (And where, these days, is the economic stability they sought? And what has been the effect of the monetary policies they have more recently supported?)

To all this it may reasonably be countered that hindsight is better than foresight (noting however that some – notably Galbraith, less notably, people like myself – did have better foresight). I accept that Heller (and others, including Pechman) had the best intentions in the world. But the "pragmatic liberals" did make grave mistakes, and the least they can do now, it seems to me, is to acknowledge them, rather than, as Pechman has done, blow up at the suggestion that they in fact occurred. What is at stake is not some old and now meaningless history. Some of the issues here explicitly involved, and others implicit in them (what to produce, and how better to distribute what we produce), are vital to our current social agonies and to the solutions we need to find for them. Because of this, I hope *The New Republic* will over the coming

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weeks be liberal with its space to the controversy the Herman-Pechman and now Walinsky correspondence should arouse.

*Louis J. Walinsky*
*Chevy Chase, Md.*

## Foggy Bottom

*Sirs:*

Morton Halperin seems to have enjoyed my book, *High on Foggy Bottom* (December 6, 1969), so it may be a bit ungrateful of me to write some words of reproach about his review. Because there don't seem to be any rules for book-reviewing any longer, I won't say that Mr. Halperin has broken the rules. However, when a review is full of flat misstatements of fact about the contents of the book reviewed, an author cannot help but want to set the record straight, especially when the book is in part autobiographical.

Mr. Halperin's failures come from his eagerness to read my mind while not paying attention to my words. To take an example which Mr. Halperin himself calls trivial but from which he draws an important moral, I begin my book with a description of my first day on my job as Assistant Secretary of State for Educational and Cultural Affairs. The first two sentences are: " 'I'm Lillian Lovitz,' said my secretary. 'I come with the lease.' " I then go on to report other things that came with the lease like the Lincoln Memorial outside my window and an exposed tack on my chair. Mr. Halperin's report to your readers of what I say follows: "Frankel reports that his first act was accepting the word of a secretary in his outer office that she came with the job, never realizing that Assistant Secretaries can hire their own staffs." But of course I didn't report that. I merely report a pert remark, and it is ludicrous to infer that I did not know that I could get rid of the lady if I wished. (In fact, I had already asked questions about her, and had been told she was a gem. And she was.) For the record, the first act that I report was my taking some Scotch tape and covering the tack on my chair. I am surprised that Mr. Halperin did not draw the conclusion from this that I thought Assistant Secretaries had to do their


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own carpentering. (If he had drawn the conclusion that there's no way for an Assistant Secretary to get rid of the tacks on his chair, he would have been right.)

To turn to more important issues, Mr. Halperin reports that I report that I "was using most of [my] opportunities for conversation with the Secretary of State and White House officials to explain [my] opposition to the war." But I report no such thing.

In what is plainly an abridgement of my experiences, I report some conversations about the war, including one with Secretary Rusk, and I report many other conversations having nothing to do with the war.

Again, Mr. Halperin says that I quit my job because the war "weighed on [my] conscience." I don't say that either: I refer to more public facts – that the war was hideous, and that it was preventing the development of the programs in which I believed. So far as my conscience was concerned, I believed that somebody had to be around to struggle to preserve the more enlightened aspects of American foreign policy like the Fulbright exchanges, and that if the finger of fate had singled me out then I should do what I could.

Finally, in speaking of my leaving, Mr. Halperin reports my refusal to deny the rumors that I was quitting my job in part because of Vietnam, and adds, "but he apparently does not feel any compulsion to confirm the rumor or to speak out publicly on the war." But to refuse to deny the rumor was at least implicitly to confirm it. Moreover, I explicitly say in the book, though Mr. Halperin does not report it, that I wished to get out so that, in the campaign year of 1968, I would be free to speak as I wished. Within a week or so after I left, a long interview with me was published in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, and I made a number of other statements as well, to reporters and from public platforms, some of which led to editorial commentary. Ordinarily, I wouldn't hold Mr. Halperin responsible for not knowing this, since, for reasons of literary symmetry, I end my book with the day I left office. However, he knows so much about me that isn't in the book that it seems to me he ought to have known this too.

Mr. Halperin's review also raises some questions of principle that are of greater public importance than his misstatements of fact. I am not sure if Mr. Halperin thinks I was naive to act on the assumption that if the President says something in a speech people would, or should, act upon it. He says that I "fell victim" to this idea. Well, it did seem to me – and it still does – that if the President of the United States makes a solemn and quite specific statement of purpose to people abroad and to the citizens of this country, then his Administration should make every effort to carry it out. Otherwise the statement shouldn't be made. If this is naivete, then we had better all be naive.

An equally interesting question of principle is raised by Mr. Halperin when, in connection with a misstatement about me, he comments on the fact that officials who left the government in consequence of Vietnam chose to do so quietly. I too am struck by this phenomenon, and though I am not quite sure what Mr. Halperin's feelings are, I myself am disturbed by it. It represents a complex question, akin to the conflict-of-interest question, and we very badly need full and careful public discussion of it.

Basically, it consists, I think, in a conflict between opposing requirements. A public official has an obligation, when he can, to report to his fellow citizens such understanding of the issues as he has gained from his public service, and to contribute not just to the insiders' debate but to the outsiders'. On the other side, it is difficult enough to get people in the government to talk candidly; it would be impossible if it were considered normal and decent for people, the moment they leave, to air things said in trust and confidence, much less to subject their former colleagues to obloquy. Mr. Halperin speaks of "socialization to the norms of the bureaucratic game." But if fair dealing with people who have listened to you decently, responded candidly, and not used your dissents against you is "socialization," can we entirely ignore its claims?

My own solution to this dilemma was to wait until I was officially and en-

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tirely disengaged from my post, and to choose the circumstances and people to whom I would speak. Not to do that, I believed, would be to subject me to mind-readers who would have drawn inferences I couldn't control, and it would have made what I wanted to say come through with a tone inappropriate to the impersonal, difficult, and perilously divisive issue at stake. I would not argue at length that I made just the right decision, and I certainly would not lay down a general rule for others. People's circumstances and responsibilities differ. But I am persuaded that we had better create a body of serious discourse about this problem, and that easy over-simplifications about "socialization" and "bureaucracy" do not advance their purpose. They hide the fact that it is a classic kind of moral problem, involving the striking of a balance between competing obligations.

*Charles Frankel*
*Columbia University*

*In reply:*

. . . I believe that I accurately reported on what was in the book, and that Professor Frankel's additional information changes none of my conclusions.

I have neither the space nor the inclination to discuss each of Professor Frankel's points, but I must note my puzzlement that anyone who feels that it is a "public fact" that the Vietnam war is "hideous" can object to having it said that the war weighed on his conscience.

In the final portion of his letter Professor Frankel discusses what seems to me a critical issue, which I tried to raise in my review, namely, whether and under what circumstances men should leave a government when they disagree profoundly with one of its policies. Having stayed in longer than Mr. Frankel and having left under quite different circumstances, I am certainly in no position to criticize his behavior and did not intend to do so. Perhaps if my review had been as long as Professor Frankel's letter, I would have been able to do more than raise the issue of how the bureaucratic socialization process affected people's decision to leave quietly. As Professor Frankel notes, we desperately need a serious dialogue on this issue, but it will not be advanced by defensiveness or hiding behind the classic device of accusing others of easy oversimplification.

*Morton H. Halperin,*
*The Brookings Institution*
*Washington*

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## Kauffmann, *from page 19*

in fact it's a plum; but Young gives it an extra dimension: we feel he is allowing us a peek behind his own mask, the man who wanted to make it as a handsome film star, and didn't, and now is diving into character roles. He almost wallows in the ugliness of the part as he moves, in his own career, from a lifelong concern with looking pretty to the-hell-with-it candor.

There is a lot of good thirties physical detail, but that's no problem if you have a big enough budget for research and re-creation. There's some by-now commonplace subjective use of the camera. What there is *not* is any reason for this film to exist. As a cross-section of American life, it's ridiculous. As a representative phenomenon, it's eccentric and badly dated. As an intrinsically moving story, it's nonexistent. McCoy's novel still has some textural effect, as if one were being dragged by the ankles over that dance floor, face down. But the visual texture of the film and the changes in the original shape transform what was pretty grim into something grimly pretty.

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There is a bit too much about burping and snoring, and there is an unfortunate sequence in which the girl encounters an actual village idiot – which seems exploitative of the man. But, on the whole, this is a nice relaxing example of a film made by people who understand a milieu, are just sufficiently sentimental about it, and can simply allow it to *be*.


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- **The Black Moochie:** The new novella by Eldridge Cleaver based on his childhood experiences in Los Angeles.

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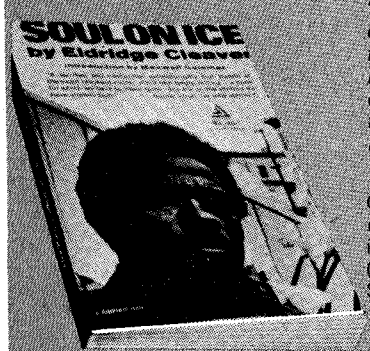


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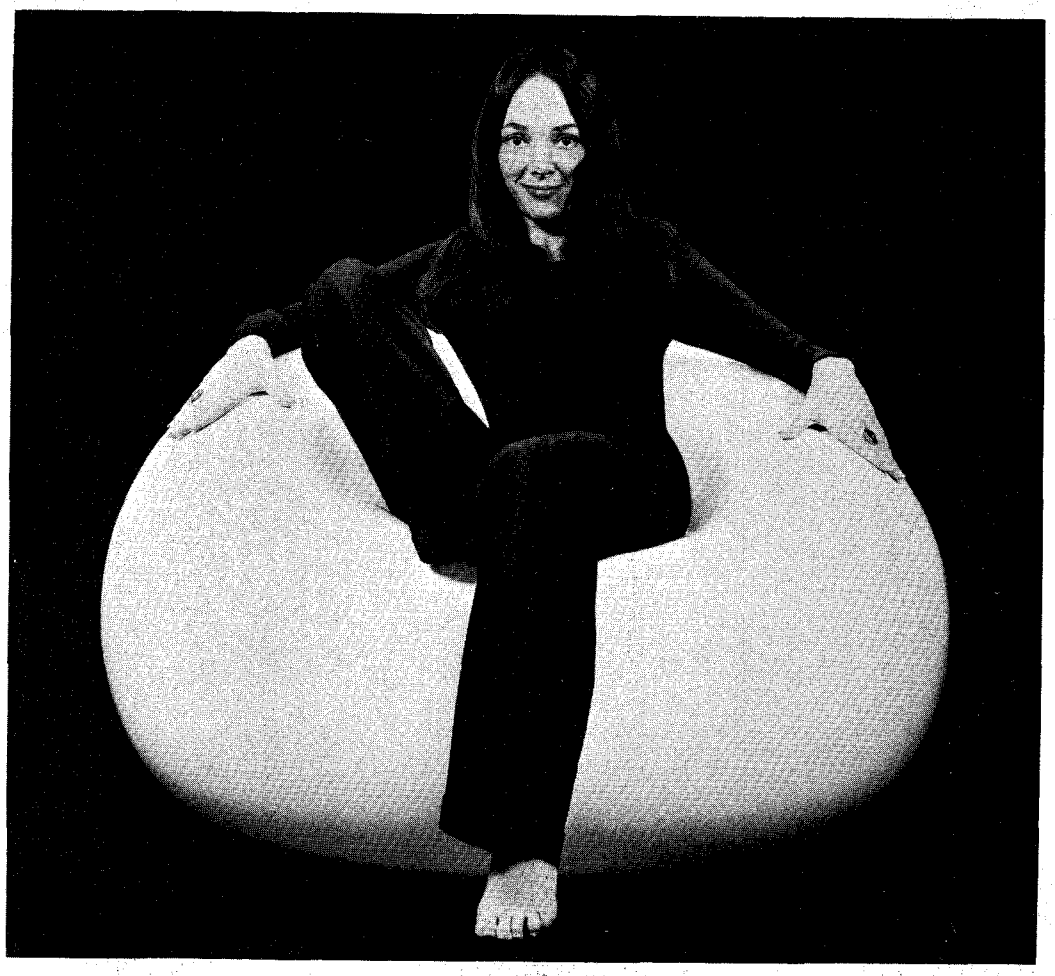

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